

Schools should not bank on government aid

OTTAWA (CUP) — Ontario universities, suffering from provincial government funding cut-backs have been told to borrow money from banks if they cannot make ends meet.

The Council of Ontario Universities announced on Monday that Laurentian and Carleton Universities may be forced to borrow from banks to cover large budget deficits.

Ontario Education Minister Betty Stephenson said there is no money available to assist the universities' financial troubles and that she had no objections to them borrowing money from banks to cover deficits.

"Why should I object to them going to the bank?" said Stephenson.

"They are autonomous financial institutions and can make whatever financial decisions they think necessary."

Carleton administrative vice president Albert Larose said the university will have deficit of more than \$1,000,000 by the end of the current school year.

Larose blames the problems on insufficient government funding and a decline in enrolment, especially in the arts and science faculties.

"I don't know what the answer is", he said.

"Something has got to give. It can't go on the way it is."

Stephenson denied that the government has reduced funding to universities but admitted that government grants have not allowed the universities to keep pace with inflation.

Laurentian University President Henry Best says the university currently has a debt of more than \$500,000 and will be close to a \$1,000,000 deficit by the end of the school year.

"I don't want to go the bank", said Best. "I don't like deficit financing. It doesn't make much sense if it is going to be an endless process."

Ed Board

Editorial board meeting
coming up soon.



The rising price of metro and bus tickets has made the bicycle a popular transportation alternative. And the rising price of bicycles...

Survey shows you haven't come that long a way baby

by Bill Tieleman
Canadian University Press

OTTAWA—A Statistics Canada survey has confirmed what many people suspected for years—women are consistently paid less than their male counterparts, even when they have obtained a post-secondary education degree or certificate.

The survey results will also shock those who believe that their bachelor's degrees will find them a job in their field. Only 42 per cent of the survey respondents with bachelor's degrees said their current jobs are directly related to their university studies. Twenty per cent of the degree holders said their jobs actually had no relation whatsoever to their studies.

The StatsCan survey was probably the most comprehensive examination of the Canadian post-secondary education graduate situation ever done. The pollsters interviewed 29,609 students who in 1976 completed requirements for a university degree or college diploma or certificate. That's

about one-third of all Canadian graduates for that year.

The StatsCan interviews took place in June 1978, approximately two years after the graduates had completed their requirements. Some of the survey's conclusions were:

- Women holding bachelor degrees are being paid from \$1,000 to \$4,000 less per year than men with the same degree in every field, except fine and applied arts and the humanities.

- Women with a masters degree, except in the humanities field, fare even worse. The survey, which compared median rather than averaged salaries to get a more accurate picture, found wage differences of about \$1,500 per year in mathematics and physical sciences up to a high of almost \$7,000 per year in the health professions field. Differences in salary between men and women with PhDs were similar but because of the small number of women with doctorates the survey could not compile enough results for any conclusions.

For healthy stress don't love all thy neighbours

by Peter Thompson

Is there a rational, universal code of human behaviour?

Former McGill professor Dr. Hans Selye, internationally respected expert on stress and its effects on human life, is convinced there is.

After a lifetime of research on the subject Dr. Selye says, "I have found enough evidence to justify trying to develop a code of behaviour based only on the laws of nature."

Such claims have often been made before but Dr. Selye's thesis is based on sound research and unassailable qualifications.

Dr. Selye will chair the second International Symposium on the Management of Stress to be held in Monte-Carlo in mid-November. This symposium, sponsored by the International Institute of Stress (IIS), the Hans Selye Foundation and International Health Resorts boasts four Nobel laureates among its lecturers.

Dr. Selye spoke yesterday at

a news conference called to publicize a fund raising drive by the IIS and the Monte Carlo symposium.

A frail, soft spoken man with thinning white hair, Dr. Selye emphasized that stress is "the nonspecific response of the body to any demand."

In fact, the concept includes "eustress," the demand for adaptation to pleasant experiences, as well as "distress."

A moderate number of stress is beneficial to the human organism, aiding the performance of challenging tasks. Olympic athletes and symphonic conductors both use stress to advantage.

Too much stress, however, leads to very specific diseases the most dangerous of which are ulcers, mental illness, circulatory disorders and cardiac arrest.

One of the most recent public examples of stress induced illness was Richard Nixon's Watergate phlebitis.

The first signs of undue stress, according to Dr. Selye, are anxiety, accident proneness and general unease.

To avoid the ill effects of stress he recommends his "universal code of behaviour."

(1) Find your own stress level—the speed at which you can run toward your own goal. Make sure that both the stress level and the goal are really your own, and not imposed by society.

(2) Be an altruistic egoist. Do not try to suppress the natural instinct of all living beings to look after themselves first. Yet the wish to be of some use, to do some good to others, is also natural. We are social beings, and everybody wants somehow to earn respect and gratitude.

(3) Earn thy neighbor's love. This is a contemporary modification of the maxim "love thy neighbor as thyself". It recognizes that all neighbors are not lovable and that it is impossible to love on command.

Erratum

In an article appearing in yesterday's *Daily* it was erroneously reported that temporary funds had already been made available to students affected by the loans and bursaries strike.

Such a program has, in fact, not yet been implemented; it is only being contemplated.

Continued on page 11



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to page 11

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~~THE WEEKLY~~



THE WEEKLY



1898

A fresh look at summer films

by Stephen Lazer

A summer movie retrospective poses a bit of a dilemma: Is one supposed to deal only with "summer movies" (a more or less definable genre), or simply with films that have opened during recent months. I have selected the latter method for the former which while allowing adequate discourse on *Meatballs* and *Players* (definitely summer movies), would preclude mention of *Apocalypse Now*, *Orchestra Rehearsal*, and several other films worth mentioning. So our category is films that have opened since mid-May.

Before beginning I should make the reader aware of a couple of things. I make no attempt to be complete and thus many favourites will doubtless go unmentioned (it was with infinite chagrin that my editor received the news that I managed to see neither *Prophecy* nor Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*). On the other hand, several of these pictures deserve much more comment than the one or two paragraphs I shall give them. I hope to review these at a later date. All caveats thus given, onward!

Allen

Ridley Scott's horror qua science fiction has been one of the box office sensations of the season. I'm not sure why this is so, but it probably has something to do with the fact that 12-14 year olds don't have much else to do during the summer. The film is not really very scary; but it is occasionally disgusting enough to cause one to avert one's eyes from the screen and thus is bound to appeal to that demographic group called adolescents.

The plot surrounds a group of astronauts who accidentally allow a hostile creature

aboard their vehicle. This is not at all a bad idea for a horror film; the notion of being trapped in outer space with an unknown being is potentially horrifying. The movie's problems lie elsewhere. At its basic level Allen suffers from an acute lack of imagination. Most of the scenes meant to be frightening are gimmicks—and clichéd gimmicks at that. One always knows well in advance when to avert one's head. And neither the film's slow pace nor the cast's uninspired acting do much to compel one to watch. The much publicized special effects are good; but in and of themselves are not enough to save Allen. This is too bad because the idea is sound; and with improved pacing, imagination and acting it could have been a good movie.

The Amityville Horror

The *Amityville Horror* suffers from much the same ailment as Allen. Director Stuart Rosenberg uses every trick in the book to try to frighten us. But precisely because they are in the book we know what to expect and are therefore not frightened. Yet *The Amityville Horror* does not even have Allen's advantages: The basic plot device of Allen is potentially mortifying. On the other hand the idea of tenants moving into a house that dislikes them and scares them away is a bit harder to get excited about. *The Amityville Horror* is in trouble from the first. James Brolin and Margot Kidder do not do the one thing that is demanded of an actor in a horror film: that is, make their fear so believable that it draws the audience into their nightmare. Rod Steiger makes a gallant try at the part of a priest; but the role is so absurd there is little he can do.

Apocalypse Now

Francis Ford Coppola's long awaited Vietnam epic is at least a little disappointing. The film demands more comment that I can give it here, yet I will make what crude headway I can. Mr. Coppola has attempted two things: to capture the sights, sounds, and feelings of war, and to explore the subconscious, primitive side of human nature that is dealt with in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. In the first enterprise where it is a meditation on war *Apocalypse Now* is often masterful. Brilliant cinematography combined with sure direction and compelling acting produce scenes that are realistic, mind boggling, strangely beautiful and above all moving and frightening. After a scene of a helicopter attack led by a Major Kilgore (played brilliantly by Robert Duvall) one sits back in awe. If Coppola wished to depict an environment that is in opposition to what we view as civilization he should have stopped there. Unfortunately he does not.

The handling of the Conrad tale fails for various reasons; most importantly that the screenplay ignores certain factors that make *Heart of Darkness* work. In the last 30 minutes of the film when the Conrad mode (i.e. the Kurtz story) comes to dominate the film in the place of the consideration of war what we are watching seems absurd. In fact, it is as if we are watching a different movie. Coppola went to great lengths to draw a stunning frame of reference and then abandoned it.

These flaws are fairly fatal. Luckily, *Apocalypse Now* is made largely in segments and

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enough of these are good enough to make the film well worth seeing. The soundtrack is, for the most part, effective. The acting of Martin Sheen, Frederick Forrest, Albert Hall, and Larry Fishburne is great. Mr. Duvall is downright breathtaking. Marlon Brando has undergone much criticism for his rendering of Kurtz; but, in fairness it should be stated that the performance is no more his fault than that of the screenwriter who created the ridiculous part he had to play.

Breaking Away

If Allen should have been better, Peter Yates' **Breaking Away** should never have been as good as it is. Films about young people experiencing the pains of growing up are a dime a dozen, and I would not have thought the genre had so much room left for originality. Nor would I have guessed that Mr. Yates (Bullitt) could have made such a successful divergence from his past work. The director has proved me wrong on both counts.

Breaking Away stands out because it is about real people—so much so that we forget we are watching actors on the screen. The story of boys growing up in an Indiana university town, though obviously exaggerated, is, at a very basic level, believable. Though the situations are overstated we can identify with the emotions. This, combined with the film's great sense of humour (**Breaking Away** is among the funniest movies released in quite a while) creates an atmosphere in which we do not mind the movie's blatantly sentimental ending. The cast of unknowns (led by Dennis Christopher and Paul Dooley) are first rate. **Breaking Away** is one of those rare films that is happy and funny without being mindless; indeed it often shows a much deeper understanding of people than pictures that pretend to much deeper discoveries. It stands out as one of the best made, most enjoyable, and certainly the most surprising films of the summer.

Escape From Alcatraz

Don Siegel's **Escape From Alcatraz** is not so much an original film as improved work within an existent formula. Everyone knows it. Clint Eastwood is a tough guy placed in a forbidding situation. The plot of the movie relates how he gets himself out of it. What separates this from other Eastwood films is that it is well made. Thrills are not gotten through gratuitous violence (in fact **Escape From Alcatraz** is hardly violent at all). The direction is not shoddy. The pace is not uneven.

Escape From Alcatraz is simply a well made film. Mr. Siegel sets a pace that keeps us on



the edge of our seats, waiting for the next step in the well conceived, intricate plot. The editing is what one would wish in a film of this sort. Though Mr. Eastwood does quite well, the other characters are, on the whole, one-sided and this is one area in which the film suffers. **Escape From Alcatraz** is not a great film, nor even a great action film; but it is a good one—certainly the best we have seen from Mr. Eastwood in a while. The film manages to convey a real sense of excitement, which is what the director, and the formula itself, aimed at.

Manhattan

Woody Allen's latest film is of a piece with his best work. Never before have his grand sense of humour and the serious questions he raises about human relationships been so finely meshed. Further, Mr. Allen continues to amaze me in the way in which he points out all that is truly funny in a normal day's events and paranoias.

Manhattan follows a few days in the life of Isaac Davis, a New York television writer (played by Mr. Allen). He has been divorced twice and is presently seeing a 17-year-old girl (Mariel Hemingway). Yet he is embarrassed by this and moves on to an older woman (Diane Keaton). Thus the plot is fairly simple, yet within its bounds Mr. Allen manages to explore many of the facets of human relationships. The film is sometimes funny, sometimes biting, and sometimes sad in its depiction of the ways in which people are cruel to those who care for them most.

Manhattan is certainly not without its funny moments (for example the entire Gershwin soundtrack is a sophisticated joke), yet it has proved a disappointment to many of the fans of the slapstick Allen of **Sleeper** and **Bananas**. Yet for those who have followed Allen's maturation as a filmmaker **Manhattan** is a welcome step forward.

Meatballs

I don't have much to say about **Meatballs**, probably because there isn't that much to say. The film is the story of one summer at a camp in which Bill Murray (of **Saturday Night Live**) is a head counselor. The various adventures it chronicles occasionally produce a chuckle but usually not. With the exception of Mr. Murray (who has some degree of comic talent) the cast made no impression. The film was obviously made with the summer audience of ten-year-olds in mind (which is not meant as a criticism) and, to anyone over 17 or so, looks it.

Moonraker

For my money Roger Moore will never have the style or flair of Sean Connery. This notwithstanding **Moonraker** is quite an entertaining film—easily the best since Mr. Moore became 007. **Moonraker** distinguishes itself from the other recent Bond films because its focus has been shifted: it concentrates less on (futilely) trying to reproduce the sheer earthy suspense of the Connery series and more on adding a larger dose of humour and more fantastic inventions to the film.

That is not to say that the film is devoid of action; on the contrary, it has plenty of it. The difference is that now the stunts are so far-fetched that one willingly laughs and suspends disbelief. Some examples: while in the old days Connery used to shoot it out with the bad guys, Moore's Bond is pushed out of an airplane without a parachute, and trapped directly under a rocket about to blast into orbit. The events and characters in the film are so much bigger than life that it is probably the funniest 007 picture ever made. Mr. Moore fits into this world much more easily than he did into the Connery role and Money Penny and M are there as always.

Orchestra Rehearsal

Frederico Fellini is alive and well and that's nice to know. **Casanova** was a disappointment and we haven't heard from this cinematic master since then. Though **Orchestra Rehearsal** is not of the epic proportions of earlier Fellini works, it recalls the quality and humour of the director's better films.

The movie is about what the title suggests—an orchestra rehearsal. The musicians gather in an ancient oratorio where three popes

are buried. Television interviewers are present and ask the musicians to talk about their instruments. The conductor (Baldwin Baas) and the rehearsal begins. Yet almost immediately union representatives demand a break. The musicians protest the tyranny of the conductor, and overthrow him. A giant metro-nome is erected in his place which is, in turn, also toppled. Relating any more of the plot would be to give away too much.

To try to explain in this short space what it "means" would be an injustice to both the picture and Fellini. The one thing the film is not is a simple allegory of contemporary Italian politics. It is much more than that; any claim to the contrary belittles Fellini's art. And I respect Fellini far too much to try to expound upon it in this short space. In addition to whatever else it is, **Orchestra Rehearsal** is hilarious. Fellini is still striking; for now let that suffice.

Players

Players is a movie with no particular reason for being, except that it is easy for film critics to make jokes about. The love story is unbelievable and horribly acted by Ali MacGraw and Dean-Paul Martin. Ms. MacGraw only seems to be able to portray one character and directors continually try to build films around it. It seldom works. About the only question **Players** raises is how a classy performer like Maximilian Schell managed to get himself involved in such a awful film.

The story is that of a kept woman and a tennis hustler, and their love, during and around the player's mythical rise to the top of the tennis world. Their love is unconvincing, especially because each performer seems incapable of convincing us of the reality of their emotions. In fact, the love story was so badly received that the producers advertised the tennis sequences. And it's true, the tennis sequences (filmed at Wimbledon) were pretty good. In fact they were almost, but not quite, as good as the tennis you can see on TV any

Continued on page 8

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Ghetto Homes



by Dee Home

"Some like the Ghetto character, others like the Ghetto characters," comments one housing official. While the housing office (Powell Student Services Bldg., 3637 Peel St., Rms. 206, 206A) does not promote the student Ghetto, it does include it in the computerized listings of available apartments. One cannot help wondering whether they had the Ghetto in mind when they called their handbook, "It's your Money—It's Your Neck". Nevertheless, each year this charming student district attracts a swarm of ambitious, or perhaps naive newcomers, students.

Where to Live

While the demand often exceeds the supply of available apartments, the Ghetto District is one place which still welcomes latecomers with open doors. Eager landlords will remind you that you had better grab quickly, but never

fear for this is only an age-old sales ploy to trap you into a quick deposit. Do not make rash decisions. While there is little cream, there is much crop to choose from.

Neighbourhood Attractions

As anyone who has read the housing handbook knows, the Ghetto is the "area east of the campus bordered on the west by University Street, on the east by Blvd. St. Laurent, north by Pine Avenue and south by Sherbrooke Street." The plethora of small shops, cafes, and street activities contribute to a sense of community, yet each street is unique in what it has to offer.

Aylmer is for those who never stopped believing in fairytales. To those lacking creative spirit, the damsel in distress and ferocious fire-breathing dragon mural may seem silly, but for those who are still children at heart, the mural provides atmosphere to an otherwise dark alley. The real artsies see it as symbolic of the student Ghetto experience. And while Aylmer does not have a yellow brick road, it does have the **Yellow Door**, an entrance to mysterious entertainment and culinary concoctions. The hot soups are the next best thing to a wish to go home on a cold winter day.

For those who prefer to read their fairytales, **The Word**, on the corner of Durocher and Milton, supplies every kind of second-hand book imaginable. Milton is also notorious for the **McGill Pizza Shop** ("The Grease"). While the food is a far cry from home-cooking, the service is pleasant. Farther down Milton is **Green's Superette** which stays open later than most small grocery stores.

On the corner of Durocher and Prince Arthur, there is a quaint **Campus Meat Market** for those who are too lazy to walk to Steinberg's,

basement of La Cité. The more athletically inclined are rewarded for their strenuous jaunt to Steinberg's as Prince Arthur provides an exhibition of modern sidewalk sculptures by Fuhrer.

The serious athlete, however, should consider Pins because of its proximity to the Gym and the adjacent park. Pins is also the place to be if you are interested in fraternity activities. It is no accident that the frats are located diagonally across from the Royal Victoria Hospital. But beware Pins prices as landlords make you pay for the locale.

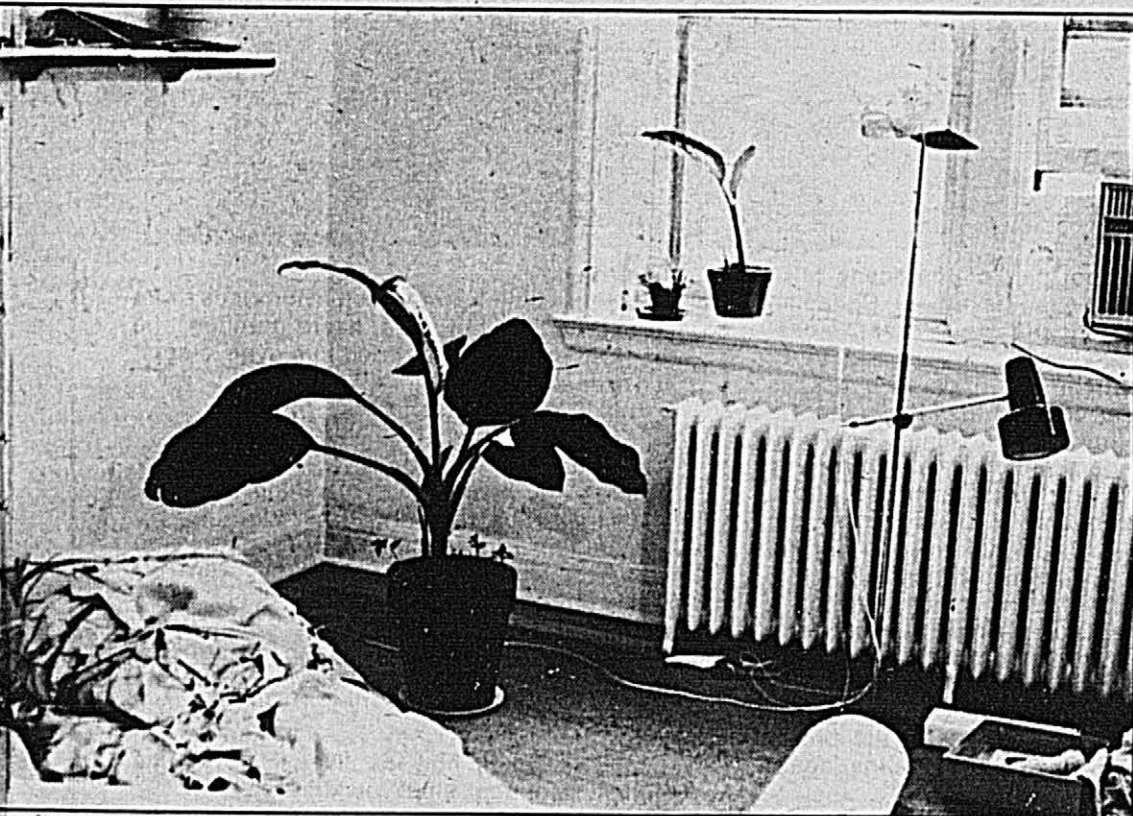
Rates, Rats, and Regulations

As the housing handbook warns, Ghetto "rents at times outdistance quality". Although Ghetto fare is cheaper than most, you still pay for the usual services. Ghetto standards, however, are unique. A "clean" Ghetto apartment, for example, means that the former tenant has moved out. That does not necessarily mean he took his trash with him. Trash removal is included with janitorial service, but you have to ask for it. If persistent, you may succeed in having the janitor remove the remnants before you move in. Generally speaking, the farther northwest you go, the more you will pay. Price will be proportionate to service. Pine Avenue, for example, is probably the most expensive. Some evil tongues say you are paying for the address—avenue sounds better than street—but actually you are paying to have electrical appliances, elevators, access to the Gym and the park, and occasionally even an intercom service. North Durocher and Prince Arthur are close behind with landlords charging between \$325 and \$350 for a not unduly large four and one-half apartment. Surprisingly enough, there can be a hundred dollar difference between these rates and those on Hutchison, where the same sized apartment goes for \$260 (minus such modern conveniences as elevators and electric stoves). Aylmer and the south side, closer to Sherbrooke, of Durocher are cheaper still. Here, a one and a half can cost anywhere from \$80 to \$130 as opposed to \$170 for a studio on Pine Avenue.

Again, you pay for certain privileges such as privacy, peace and quiet. Many a student has spent a strenuous night fighting a losing battle



s & Gardens



with charm, rather than warmth, in mind. The latest Ghetto fashion is the ever-ready glowfire. Just turn on a switch and imitation coals light up in vibrant blues, oranges and reds. For warmth, we at the Daily suggest you start saving the University bookstore plastic bags to seal up your windows for the winter.

Save now, sublet later.

against cockroaches, leaky faucets, and poor plumbing. While faucets and plumbing can be fixed, before the next month's rent is due, the search for the roach is endless. A can of Raid is an essential part of Ghetto decor.

Household hints

The smell of paint permeates the air as new ghetto arrivals attack dilapidated walls with last year's paintbrushes. Most landlords will provide paint and some will even paint the place for you, if you do not mind hospital green (the more erudite refer to it as period paint—Victorian). If this is the case, be sure that you do not sign the lease until the whole place has been painted. Many painters see the signing of a lease as a signal to leave the premises. Another Ghetto favorite is earth brown, which takes five or six coats of calibrated white primer paint to remove from sight.

One student saved time by using a

fire-engine oil-based red for the kitchen. While this fashionable, fun, fall color makes for a bright, cheery kitchen, an early breakfast could prove nauseating.

For curtains, try the full sail look. Take a fitted sheet and drape one end over a curtain rod. Bright colors are best for a spinnaker effect. While curtains make for a cozy apartment, fireplaces provide charm. Unfortunately, most Ghetto fireplaces were designed



Harry deep-throats it

by Ann Brocklehurst

Harry Reems, the male lead in *Deep Throat* and porn star emeritus, sits unnoticed in Gertrude's. The small crowd of transsexuals, gaudily made-up drag queens and body builders milling around the pub get all the attention.

A former McGill student working as a receptionist in the hotel in which Reems is staying identifies him for the press.

"Do you know who that is?" she asks. "Harry Reems."

"The Daily has to interview him. I was talking to him earlier. He'll probably give you an interview if I ask him. 'Let me try.'"

She hurries across the room to talk to a slim man in jeans and a light blue T-shirt.

The answer is affirmative. Reems has consented to the interview but not until later that night.

"And do you know what?" the receptionist asks.

"He asked me out."

"Well are you going?" I inquire, hoping for an exclusive story on the date.

"No! But look he's coming over here."

She introduces me to Reems who tells me to meet him on the set later. "The set" for the filming is McTavish Street, Peterson Hall and the Union building garage.

The movie, Reems' first "clean role", is called *Squad*. Reems plays a get tough vice squad officer who has just finished tidying up one metropolis and has moved on to clean up another. His title is Chief Maclean. His underlings call him "Mr. Clean".

In the scene being filmed a gay beach party has just been raided and a bus load of the merry makers are being taken to vice squad headquarters.

photo by Richard Matthew



Reems who is not part of the scene talks about the films. *Squad* is an all Canadian venture and Reems is the only non-native cast member.

He likes Montreal but finds he's not as recognized here as he is south of the border.

As for his future in film, Reems hopes to make more "non-adult" movies. A highly publicized suit against him for his supposed role in the distribution of *Deep Throat* has caused him a lot of personal anguish and he has no desire to repeat the experience.

The suit, however has made Reems a household name and something of a folk hero. He admits, though, that the frequent leering remarks and off color jokes sometimes get to him.

Reems has had problems with the press: "They always ask the same questions, again and again."

"Do you feel exploited?" "How do you keep it up when you're filming?"

"I wish that just once some one would ask me something really interesting. Then they would have a really good story."

"Well what do you want to be asked," I inquire. Reems won't tell.

"It's up to you to figure it out," he says.

"Alright then, have you kept in touch with Linda Lovelace? Do you know what she's doing

these days?"

Reems hasn't heard from his notorious *Deep Throat* co-star but he's heard through the grapevine that she's married to a gynecologist in Arizona.

"It's true," says Reems.

"I'm not kidding."

A co-star backs him up.

"Yeah I've heard the same thing, he says. 'But I heard she was living in Nevada.'"

A student in a tennis outfit interrupts and asks Reems to autograph his racket cover.

"My girlfriend will get a big kick out of it," he says.

Reems signs the cover "keep on strokin', love Harry Reems." Later that evening another student asks for Reems' John Hancock. He signs "keep it up, Harry Reems." And when Reems is asked how he likes Montreal he replies: "Montreal, I lust you Montreal."

After about ten minutes the originally ebullient Reems becomes fed up with the interview. He's angry because I don't know the details of his background and his court trial. He's angry because I'm a reporter. "The press sometimes exploit me. But I've never felt exploited by any of the films I've made," says Reems.

He retreats into his furnished van. The interview is over.

Film...

weekend. The difference is that you can turn on your television for free.

Rocky II

Tired of playing a simple prizefighter, Sylvester Stallone has now cast himself as the perfect human being. All the character flaws were ironed out by the end of *Rocky*; there is nothing left except the winning of the championship. In *Rocky II* we are given a Rocky who is a loving husband and brother-in-law, dedicated athlete, and a guy who likes being with kids. Thus we are given absolutely flat characters who do not change. This is not the stuff of which good movies are made. The fight sequence is workmanlike but it is not nearly enough.

Woyzeck

Werner Herzog's film of Bruchner's 19th century play is the most compelling film of the season. The story is that of a private in the German army who is given to madness and murder by a world that has nothing but abuse for him. But Herzog's film is more than the story of an oppressed man. His *Woyzeck* is not a part of the world he exists in: he hears voices

and always for some inexplicable reason, rushes to do all that is required of him. The film is not a polemic about a society that cares not for individuals (though that is a part of it). Herzog, as always, peers into the darker side of the human psyche; he raises issues that are frightening, and difficult to grasp. One senses that if the things dealt with were simple, Herzog wouldn't bother with them.

Klaus Kinski is perfect for the part of *Woyzeck*; without him the film would not be what it is. He portrays a man simultaneously oppressed, possessed and enraged so convincingly that his screen presence is virtually unavoidable. Eva Mattes gives an intelligent performance as *Woyzeck's* mistress whom he eventually murders.

Woyzeck is not so blatantly surrealistic as several of Herzog's other films. I've no idea whether this is good or bad, but *Woyzeck* is certainly one of his very best. As in the best of his work Herzog shows us things hidden, and hard-to-get-at facets of ourselves that, once uncovered, we may find difficult to look at. He leads us into mazes out of which there are no shortcuts.

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Records: Nils Lofgren

by H.D. Kader

Nils, Nils Lofgren [A&M]

Nils Lofgren has never quite made it commercially. He's been close though. Despite his association with Neil Young on the classic LP *Crazy Horse* and the popularity of his single "I Came To Dance", a fog seems to envelope this singer-songwriter, clouding over his image.

It is with this problem that Nils deals on his latest album. Caught up in the hype and hypnosis of constant touring and yearly mediocre album releases, Lofgren had come to a fork in the road of creativity. Like so many rock musicians do, he lost credibility with his audiences and became just another singer with the phallo-centric electric guitar. This, his ninth LP, has the artist giving a little effort, a little sweat and as a result, producing an enjoyable, entertaining piece of music.

Included are three pieces co-written with Lou Reed, while Reed's latest release has three with Lofgren. Baltimore is Lofgren's hometown, and for this reason he does a remake of Randy Newman's "Baltimore". This song is quite depressing and sums a lot of what's wrong with urban America.

The track "Shine Silently" conveys to the listener the harmonic versatility of Lofgren's vocal ability. "A Fool Like Me" is the album's potential AM hit, sounding very much like a Todd Rundgren song. "No Mercy" is the story of a boxer who must literally destroy his opponent to please the cheering hordes, with

crowd sounds recorded live at Madison Square Gardens.

Nils is a well-produced slick release which contains many sparks of genius. This LP may be the return from obscurity for this talented musician.

Snap!, The Late Show [London]

New Wave has not only survived its critics' worst assaults, it's come to dominate the record industry in 1979. More New Wave releases filled the racks in record stores this past year than any other form of music. In fact, New Wave is no longer a homogenous collection of musical entities.

The erratic quirky chords of the Talking Heads have been copied by many groups, yet a mellowing of the movement has led to recent albums which sound amazingly like those of the early sixties. The Late Show is a five-piece band from Kent, England. They admit that their material is for the most part "tongue-in-cheek", yet stress that they do get cynical at times. With song titles such as "My Love Sticks Out For You" and "Ain't Gonna Stamp On His Face", we can tell that the British wit isn't lacking with these guys. They sound a lot like the early Beatles especially when they do their own version of "Chains".

The album is certainly tame enough for the North American record buyer, but the exposure this band has been receiving to this date indicates that the Late Show will probably not become familiar fare on this side of the Atlantic.

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Waning moon shines

**The Waning Moon Café
[or the Ed Sullivan Show]
Centaur Theatre
until September 15**

by Robert Janes

Codco is a group of loony performers that have brought to the Centaur Theatre a show known as the "Waning Moon Café." The "Café" is the launching pad for an evening of "off the wall" sketches. This type of show is usually described as "fun-filled", "lively", "wacky", and especially, "zany". Such words hardly do justice to the hour and a half of perversion-drenched, near total insanity that is nothing short of hysterical.

The group is from Newfoundland, a fact that lets itself be known in most of the sketches. Or at least it starts that way, with "Tales of Newfoundland," a backyard barbecue with some Newfie couples. The tone is stringently satiric including downhome banter about booze, pills, cancer and general bodily dysfunctions.

The actors aim for what may be gently described as "raunchy," and unerringly succeed in hitting their mark. A sample of the jokes: "You're looking well, did you have a face lift? No, I just put a little Preparation H under my eyes."

If all this sounds like sophomoric humour from the pages of *National Lampoon*, that is because it is. What saves it from being merely stupid grotesquerie is the brilliance of the players. Cathy Jones, Tommy Sexton, Mary Walsh, Andy Jones and Bryan Hennessey manage to carry off the heavy, often silly, and totally unstructured material with such panache that the pace never slackens, and the show never fails to be truly funny. Rather than treat the show as some kind of frathouse follies, they imbue it all with a wonderful sense of "joie de vivre," the sign of true artistry. The humour is often rough, but always funny. "The Waning Moon Café" should get this year's award for best show of total insanity.

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A look at the Pin-Ups

by Dermot Kelly

The picture is an out-take of the official Pinups promo shot: drummer Dave Hanson is laughing, the statuesque bassist Sass Turner has forsaken her usual far-off gaze for a more familiar graduation photo style grin, guitarist Chris Robbins is daydreaming, and resident guitar-whiz Sean Donnelly is staring as if he were "the chosen one". Otherwise, the shot has the same gloss as its official counterpart: it's just that the group is a step closer to reality than they usually are. When you see the Pinups' promo photos you just wonder how much they must cost; you marvel at the technicolour splash of this young band and perhaps you are a little disgusted. Well, try to be amused and bear with me.

The Pinups dress in black and white with ties and badges proclaiming the pop groups of ten years ago, but they really don't come across as loveable comic book heroes like, say, Cheap Trick does. What they're selling isn't really sex appeal, kinkiness or quirky unpredictable personalities; it's pop. Pop is what happened with the Beatles; only that was a time of innocence before the world at large had had a chance to digest this peculiar American music that is rock 'n' roll. What happens to you when you hear the Pinups is at first very much what happens to you when you see their promotional poster; you are shocked by the unreality of accessible affluence.

What is the Weekly?

On this the fifth anniversary of the Weekly's birth we who have known the Weekly intimately have yet to find the answer to that and other questions. Still we plod on and continue to create what we consider to be the finest cultural-entertainment newspaper at McGill. Yes, it is the only cultural-entertainment newspaper at McGill.

Sure we're the envy of the faceless masses who peruse our efforts over and under the delectables in the Students' Union Cafeteria. Sure we put the Calvin Klein set to shame with our impeccable taste and refined lifestyles, sure Eleanor and Francis Ford Coppola have tried to buy us for good reviews. We remain humble.

In fact we at the Weekly open our doors to every student. Come and join our ranks.

Those with an interest in film, theatre, art, dance, or music, those who feel they've got their finger on the throbbing pulse of popular culture, and those with an overwhelming desire to see their own deathless prose printed over several thousand times and scattered across the lawns of McGill are indeed welcome. Join us in the bowels of the Students' Union in B03E.

Most sincerely yours,
Gail Heimann



A couple of minutes into their set, the message of the Pinups seems to be: "Look how rich you could be in this pop business!" A couple of numbers later though, something else happens to the rapt listener; you forget about all the money they're planning to make from your children and you listen to the songs they sing. You find them too clean perhaps, a trifle smug? Hell, no! Any pop act that wanted to keep their image clean wouldn't soil themselves at some of the clubs these guys have played in. If they were really as smug as they seem, then they wouldn't take the risks that they take. For example, at a sophisticated nightclub like the Maples Inn, Sean wanders through the crowd playing his guitar and pouring beer on his head.

These guys are becoming a pop phenomenon! In a club where motorcyclists holler for Black Sabbath and their girlfriends want Billy Joel, the Pinups come on and say, "This is a song by the Monkees." Then they play "Last Train to Clarksville". Jaws drop. The girls stare and their boyfriends don't quite know what to do. The Pinups are the centre of attention and whatever it is they're doing, they're doing it well because everyone is dazed. The Pinups make you remember a sweet time before you ever bought a record; they resurrect the ghost of childhood past! Not that the Pinups want you to stop buying records: quite the contrary. Still, there's a glimpse of innocence to be had at a Pinups show that's not even hinted at anywhere else in town. Their blend of American and British pop is pleasant because it's romantic. Not the way Dan Hill is romantic; at their best, the Pinups are all there. The chords of the Ronettes' "And Then He Kissed Me" chime like cloying relics from another age. They worked a charm on this critic's ears. The real romance of the Pinups at their best is that they use this golden age stuff as a springboard into the future.

So far then, we have wrestled two things in our pondering of the Pinups: we have established that they are confident that not only are there still pop groups who can make a living playing what they want to play, but that they can make it to the top and it can start right

here in Montreal. Not in Memphis and not in Liverpool. Here. At McGill in fact, this Saturday night. The second thing we have established wrestling with such monstrous ambition is that the music it makes can be genuinely affecting. The Pinups want to be the best band on the planet; they let you know this with wonderful irony by ignoring the fact that Elvis Presley ever existed and by gleefully lumping the Beatles with the Kinks, the Ramones, the Who, the Monkees, the Ronettes and all the other great pop acts of the mid-twentieth century. It's that kind of irreverence that I enjoy most of all and that's where the future comes into it. Sean mimics Elvis Costello, Ian Dury and the rest quite nicely, but that's not the point. The point is that we can only fly in the face of an oppressive pop past by assimilating what is good about it, and that is our memories of it. In that context, then, the context of classic rock and good popular entertainment, the Pinups shouldn't by any means be an object of disgust. Part of every great entertainer's genius is commercial and it would be a mistake to dismiss the Pinups on account of their monstrous ambition. That's a part of all those flawed jewels we choose to treasure from Bruce Springsteen to Chuck Berry. As I said, memories of John Lennon are more important than the man himself, especially if you want to grow up and be a Beatle as the Pinups clearly do. It's a mysterious process the way pop affects our lives. Go watch the Pinups on Saturday night in the Union Ballroom and decide for yourself.

Meanwhile, on the radio a new wave of rock music is replacing the disco that has dominated the airwaves in recent years and alienated so many of us hard-thinking rockers. And the Pinups are driving home watching the autumn sun rise over the sloping streets of N.D.G. or the new roads of the West Island. These aren't schooldays anymore, they must think, as the noise of the night-before rings in their ears and the cash registers of the future loom up promising them, seductively, like the girls they sing to, and have sung to for fifteen of the last nineteen nights. Dave beats an anxious rhythm on his thighs. Maybe Sean waxes poetic thinking of his days as a folkie at John Abbott's Oval Coffee House or those nights as a punk-rocker in Old Montreal. Everywhere guys are turning over in their sleep dreaming restlessly of that predatory growl Sass uses to break open Blondie's "Hangin' On The Telephone". Chris will make up a little song as he does the breakfast dishes. If it's good, he'll write it down. You see, looking out his window in Montreal he's hoping to find that place somewhere in between Glenn Campbell's Galveston and the Guess Who's Winnipeg. Once Chris gets that feeling in a tune, Sean might forget Ritchie Blackmore ever existed and play something that'll make us remember the first time we ever heard a big full electric guitar on the radio. A chorus to shout out and Dave pummeling his drums, getting behind them like a boxer, it's really the only way to say a prayer for Keith Moon. In fact, it's really the only way to dance, so go on Saturday night: it's called a rock 'n' roll dance, sort of like a square dance but a bit more free form, you know? Like when you brought home those first '45s and had a discotheque jukebox in your own front room. Remember?

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Today

Women's Union: First general meeting. New members welcome. 7:00 p.m. in Union 423.

McGill Ukrainian Students' Association: General meeting 5 p.m. room 310 in the Union. All welcome. Come see old friends, come make new.

McGill Christian Fellowship: Invites all interested to a welcome meeting today at the Newman Centre, 3484 Peel Street. Come at noon or 4:00 p.m.

Film Society: Meeting tonight at 5:00 in room 425 of the Union. Those interested in the Film Workshop should also attend. We need shippers, cashiers, etc., in exchange for free films and cheap friends. If you can't attend, drop by our office rm. 434.

a ticket to sure-fire employment, with more than 98 per cent of those graduating in jobs when the survey was taken. Other fields with more than 90 per cent employment include business management and commerce, secretarial arts and sciences, medical and dental services and engineering and related technologies.

• A masters degree is worth about 38 per cent, or \$5,000 to \$6,000 more per year in salary than a bachelors degree, but a PhD will only garner the graduate an additional 5.5 per cent, or about \$1,100, more than the masters.

• Generally speaking, salaries increase with the number of years of education completed.

• British Columbia is the most popular place to work among graduates, while Nova Scotia ranks last. B.C. had a net gain in both college and university graduates but N.S. had net losses in both.

Statistician Bob Cornish, who compiled and analysed

most of the survey's results, has some other observations about the post-secondary graduate situation.

Masters degree a good investment

Cornish says that after seeing the survey he believes that for the university student a masters degree is the best investment to make. In terms of cost effectiveness the masters gives a student a higher salary for the additional time spent at university and also a better chance at finding a related job, he said.

Cornish said another observation from the survey is the incidence of masters degree holders "bumping" those with bachelors out of jobs. He found that 70 per cent of those with masters degrees did not need that level of education to meet the job requirements. Consequently employers with a choice between applicants will pick the masters graduate.

Those considering that a PhD will get them a higher wage than a masters should also remember that the four years

extra studies will mean a wage loss of about \$80,000, Cornish says.

PhDs also have another problem — overeducation. Cornish says employers are reluctant to hire someone who is overqualified for a job and this has led to PhDs actually hiding their degrees from an employer to get hired.

Another part of the survey showed that 50 per cent of those in the humanities and social sciences expected to be able to find work in their fields, a completely unrealistic dream, according to Cornish. He says people should examine the job situation in a field before entering it if they hope to find work related to their studies.

Cornish advises students to:

• Take summer or part-time work in your field if possible in order to learn what the job would be like and make contacts for the future. "I can't stress its importance enough," he says.

• Sell yourself to an employer, going back a few times to convince the employer you really do want the job.

• Finally, use all the information available. The StatsCan survey, titled Employment of 1976 University and College Graduates, can be obtained for free simply by writing to: Statistics Canada, Education, Science and Culture Division, Ottawa, Ont. K1A 0T6.

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TEAM SPORTS

	Entries - Open	Entries Close	Captain's Meeting
Touchfootball - Men (c)	Sept. 10	Sept. 17	Sept. 17
Flagfootball - Women (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 17	Sept. 17
Soccer - Men (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 14	Sept. 14
Soccer - Women (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 14	Sept. 14
Jogging-Rally - Men & Women (c)	Sept. 11	Sept. 21	Rally Oct. 14

INDIVIDUAL SPORTS

			Play Begins
Golf - Women (o)	Sept. 11	Sept. 21	Sept. 28
Golf - Men (f)	Sept. 11	Sept. 21	Sept. 28
Tennis - Men (f)	Sept. 10	Sept. 19	Sept. 22
Tennis - Men (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 19	Sept. 22

CO-REC SPORTS

	Entries Open	Entries Close	Captain's Meeting	Play Begins
Volleyball I (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 19	Sept. 19	Sept. 22
Softball (o)	Sept. 10	Sept. 18	Sept. 18	Sept. 26

NOTE:

- (c) Combination Sport where both open and faculty leagues are offered.
- (o) Open Sport where teams can be made up of participants from different faculties.
- (f) Faculty Sports where teams are made up strictly of participants from the same faculty.

For more information call 392-4730 or drop in to Room G35 of the Currie Gym.

WELCOME WEEK

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Today:

- 1 pm: **SCAVENGER HUNT:** Starts at Lower Campus.
- 7 pm: **LAS VEGAS NIGHT:** Union Caf. \$1.00.
- 9 pm: **CABARET CONCERT:** Union Ballroom. Jazz with Vic Vogel & his Orchestra. \$2.00 Students. \$3.50 General Admission.

Friday:

- 12 pm-2 pm: **BEER BASH:** at Open Air Pub.
- 8 pm: **CO-ED RESIDENCE-STREET DANCE:** 3935 University. FREE!

Saturday:

- 2 pm: **FOOTBALL GAME:** McGill vs. Trois Rivières. Molson Stadium. Students \$1.00.
- 4 pm: **FRAT CRAWL:** Starts right after the game.
- 8 pm: **THE MAIN EVENT:** Rock 'n' Roll/Suitcase Dance. Grand Prize a trip for two to Miami. Flight leaves that night so come prepared. Union Ballroom. Featuring the Pin-Ups.



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